

THE CARMELITE

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FIVE CENTS

Radiologically Speaking...

At The Carmelite's request, Colonel Foster, operator of Station W6HM, has scanned Carmel's new radio ordinance and set down some of his observations.

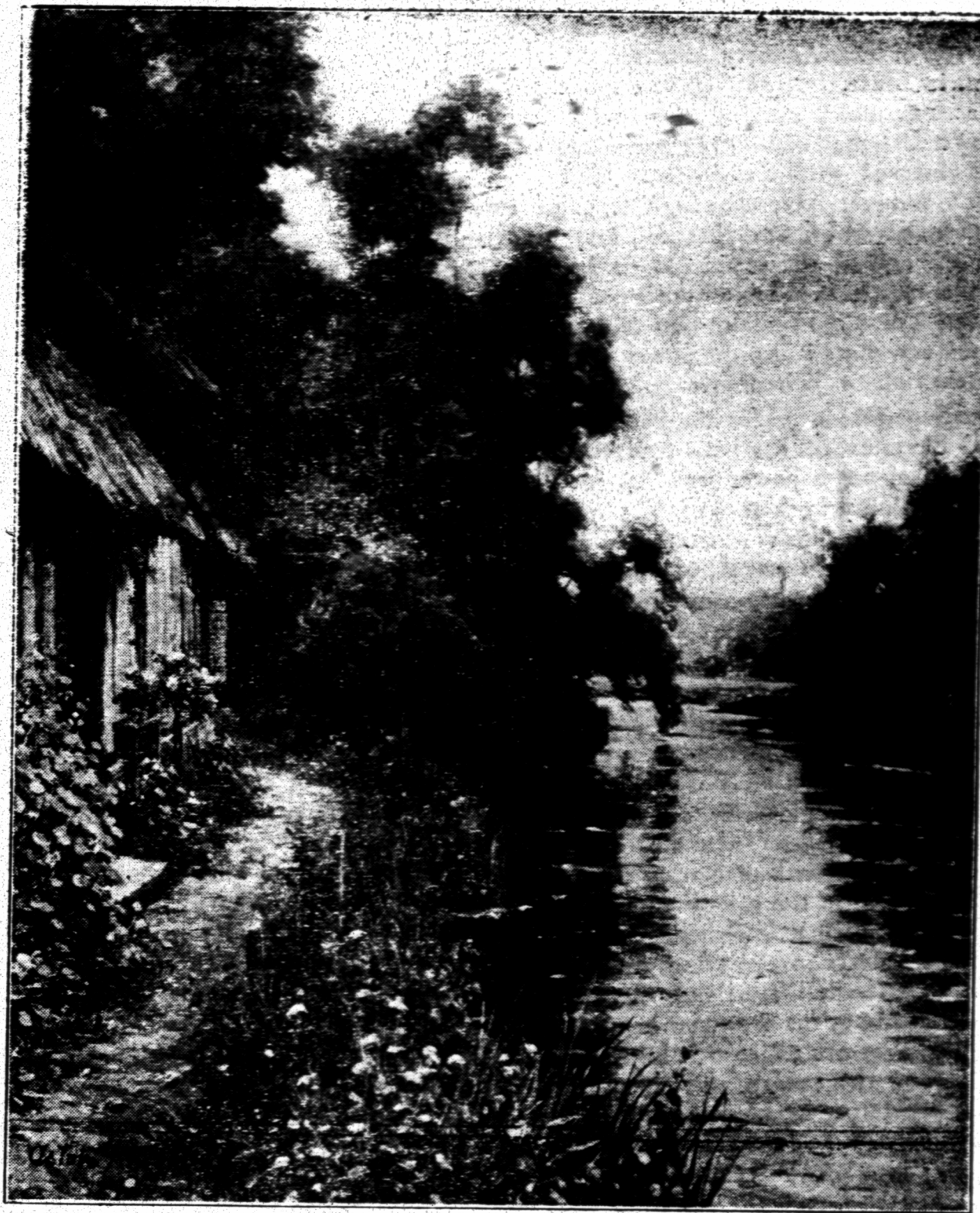
By CLAIR FOSTER

Oh, I see nothing harmful about this new ordinance "Prohibiting Electrical Interference with Radio Reception." Not harmful, just useless. Interferences aren't done away with by ordinances "prohibiting" them. They are removed, first by being identified by a radio man having specialized knowledge, then by locating the sources of the interference, then by correcting—if possible—the pieces of apparatus that are causing them. So the ordinance itself serves no useful purpose.

People using interfering apparatus seldom know that they are at fault. They are just as glad to avoid causing interference as anybody else, because it is more than likely that they themselves have broadcast receivers. So, arranging Paragraph 3 was just a waste of time. There never will be any fines or jailings under it. Want to make a bet on it? How are you going to prove that a person interfered "knowingly and wantonly"? Only if the interferer admits it; and he won't. Even the town's own expert trouble-hunter will often be in doubt and unable to present proof of a specific interference.

There is only one way to go at the job of eliminating interferences—engage the full-time services of an expert. The position will be no sinecure. The man will have to work at all sorts of hours, day and night. He'll need a place to keep his apparatus and records. He'll need access to a telephone; for most interferences are intermittent and must be listened to by the trouble-hunter himself. He can't depend upon descriptions related to him by novices.

—CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO—



WHITE CLOUDS

ASTON KNIGHT

A TEN-DAY EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ASTON KNIGHT OPENED
YESTERDAY AT THE DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY

Radiologically Speaking...*Continued from Page One*

make trouble,—vacuum cleaners, refrigerating machines, soda-counter mixers and shakers, fruit juicers, fans, coffee grinders, wood-working and machine-shop motors. Electric heating pads are a pest, and so are electric ranges. Refrigerator motors are usually of the inductive type, with repulsion starting. They cause an interfering impulse when starting and stopping, but not while running unless the starting mechanism is out of order.

Interferences aren't easy to locate even after their character has been identified. Take, for example, a "power leak," one of the commonest causes of bad interference,—current arcing from a line to a tree, or across a dirty insulator, or to a metal brace, or to any one of the dozen places to which current may jump. A power leak may be so slight that it can't be observed with the eye even in the dark and yet intense enough to cause bad interference. And that leak may be at one end of the town and be heard louder by the trouble-hunter at the other. The radio impulse that it creates often travelling along the power lines—an example of "wired wireless."

The Superintendent for the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., has been courteous itself whenever a power leak has interfered with my work at W6HM. On two occasions he had pairs of trouble-hunters over here from Salinas at four o'clock in the morning, merely on my say-so that I was hearing a leak start at that time. This consideration on the part of the Power Company came from no selfish motive; the loss from such slight leaks means very little in money.

Carmel is full of a kind of interference that few listeners identify, caused by the listeners themselves. There are receivers being operated with oscillating detector tubes, or—as in the case of superheterodynes—oscillating intermediate amplifiers. Receivers so operating are functioning as transmitters; and, moreover, transmitting in the broadcast band. It is hard to convince a man that his receiver is causing the squeals and chirps that are exasperating his neighbor.

LOST—Blue BEADED BAG with purse Glasses and Rings. Reward.
Whitaker, Liston Cottage, San Antonio (bet. Ocean and Fourth.)

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The Morse code interference that bothers broadcast listeners comes from ships that are still using the obsolete arc or spark transmitters. They are supposed to be operated on six hundred meters but signals from these types of transmitters are heard a long way each side.

X-ray apparatus is a fierce and persistent interferer. Violet ray and other so-called therapeutic machines are bad actors. So is apparatus that is advertised to diagnose and heal diseases. This latter stuff has a vogue among credulous sufferers.

People whose evening is lost if they can't hear Amos and Andy don't know what really exasperating interference is. Let them listen on the amateur forty meter band before daylight. That is the time when we must handle messages across to our people—Army, Navy, Marines and civilian—in Guam, the Philippines and China. The Japanese have nine commercial stations listed with the International Radiotelegraph Bureau, in Berne, Switzerland, to operate in this band that was set aside for the sole use of amateur stations by the international treaty that Japan was largely concerned in formulating. And Siam has just come on the air, in Bangkok, with a broadcast station parked right in this amateur band. Listen to this bird if you want to hear some "modern" music and songs rendered by men singing in a falsetto. If this Jap prince and the King of Siam who are being fussed over in USA just now would come to Carmel they surely would find this town "different."

There is no such thing as clearing up interferences and having them stay cleared. Those that are found and cleared will be back from time to time, accompanied by a flock of new ones—one of the penalties of a "labor-saving age." Clearing interferences is a continuing job. If Carmel isn't going to look at it just so, and provide all of the knowledge, service and apparatus for keeping interference at the minimum, the town would better not make itself conspicuous by "prohibiting" something that just won't be prohibited.

A trouble-hunter would be an expense occasioned purely by the needs of the broadcast listeners themselves. They should stand the expense, not the taxpayers at large. Carmel is going at the subject wrong-end-to. She would better attack first the practical task of identifying, locating and eliminating some of the existing interferences. If she can make a success of that job then let her adopt an ordinance based on the experience gained. If she fails to make good in the actual practice of interference identification, and all the rest of it, then what good will the ordinance be?

COUNCIL MEETING

Odds and ends of civic affairs came before the City Council in adjourned session last night but in the unavoidable absence of City Attorney Campbell final action on various matters pending was again deferred.

Fire Chief Robert G. Liedig informed the Council that his department was planning to conduct their annual inspection in the near future.

Arising from a series of complaints filed recently, a police "drive" against reckless drivers is to be launched. Night Officer Guth will be transferred to day duty and an additional officer engaged for the summer.

Relocation of a fence on Forest Theater property was protested by adjoining property owners who claimed that their street rights would be infringed. Action postponed.

Commissioner of Streets Kellogg stated that in addition to Eighth and Twelfth, possibly two more north and south streets would be oiled this year.

On the initiative of Mayor Heron, supported by the Council and by Fire Chief Liedig, a motion was ordered drawn rescinding permits covering house-to-house distribution of advertising publications issued in Monterey.

The Council will meet again next Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS DEBATE

Lincoln Steffens has returned to Carmel from New York where he has been supervising the publication of his autobiography. On Sunday evening, June seventh, at eight o'clock, he will take the negative side of a debate on the League of Nations against Perry Evans, well-known San Francisco lawyer and Chairman of the League of Nations Association in San Francisco. The debate will be held under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

ADULT EDUCATION

A newly arranged center for the adult education work directed by Miss Adelaide Stites under sponsorship of the Monterey Union High School will be opened on Sunday, May twenty-fourth with a reception from three to six. Tea will be served.

The new center is located at 495 Pacific street, near Colton Hall.

Among other examples of foreign handicrafts will be exhibited the "Good-Will Chest" recently sent by Mexican children to the children of Carmel Community Church.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION OF PRE-SCHOOL CHILDREN

(P.-T. A. Correspondence)

All parents who have children whom they expect to enter in the first grade or kindergarden at Sunset School this fall are urgently requested to bring them to Miss Wallace's room at the school tomorrow (Friday) for a physical examination. These examinations will be held from one to five during the afternoon. It will be appreciated if appointments are made in advance by calling Mrs. Ernest S. Bixler, Carmel 839 J.

The doctors who have so kindly offered their time are Dr. Horace Dormondy, who will be in attendance from two until four, and Dr. Margaret N. Levick, from one until two and four until five. Miss Eunice Cary, school nurse, will assist.

This is a free service rendered each year under the auspices of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. It is hoped that every parent will take advantage of this opportunity. By examining the children at this time any physical defect may be taken care of during the summer so that the child may enter school in the fall without physical disadvantage, and not be held back by any remedial defects. Last year twenty-one children were examined, and the majority were found unusually fit, testifying well for Carmel parents and the climate.

BROSA STRING QUARTETTE

Reports have reached Carmel concerning the great ovation given the Brosa String Quartette at its initial California concert, in the State University Auditorium, in Los Angeles, on May fourteenth, when there was an audience of four thousand music lovers and students. It is believed that for a chamber music recital this attendance establishes a record.

The Brosa Quartette, by the sponsorship of Mrs. J. B. Casserly, will be in Carmel during June and July for four concerts, for which series tickets are now being reserved. The quartette makes only four other appearances in California: Los Angeles, as reported; Pomona College; Santa Barbara, (guests only); and at Mills College. Carmel alone gets a series of four concerts.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Carmel Art Association will hold its fourteenth annual exhibition at the Denny-Watrous Gallery from June second to sixteenth inclusive. Artists desiring to enter their work will please send it to the Gallery on Monday morning, June first. Opening reception to the public, Tuesday, June second.

POST-WAR EUROPE

Dr. Graham Henry Stuart, professor of political science at Stanford University, will speak on "Post-War Europe" tomorrow, Friday evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. The lecture, to which the public is invited, will be under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

As exchange professor under the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. Stuart has spent several years in Europe since the war and his talk will be based on personal observations.

SUMMER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA

BROSA STRING QUARTETTE

June 16, 30

July 14, 28

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ASTON KNIGHT EXHIBIT

Distantly removed from the welter of modernistic gropings, there has come to Carmel an exhibit of paintings frankly and archly conservative.

Aston Knight hung some of his landscapes yesterday in the Denny-Watrous Gallery—there to remain for ten days—and from the first influx of callers it is plain to see that the exhibit is not to be neglected.

A most satisfactory introduction to the work of Aston Knight is an introduction to the man himself. Exuding the robustness of the French countryside he gives off the impression that here is a man unlikely to go chasing metaphysical black cats down hypothetical dark alleys. There is about him a purposeful directness—a serenity withal—

seemingly compounded from the elements with which he has chosen to work. He can be visualized holding forth at a village *estaminet* on a weighty question of town politics on the relative merits of Patagonian versus Polynesian color-schemes, but as to dissecting his "emotions" on canvas or in speech—hardly.

This balanced outlook—sane, without false front, he brings to his painting and offers it, without rudeness but without agology, on a take-it-or-leave-it basis.

Years on end he has been working in France; only lately has he come to California to paint and to exhibit.

It will be said that his work is dated, outdated, but in forty-odd active years Aston Knight must have heard that

before. Indeed it is easy, enough, to bracket him with, say, the Barbizon group, or the Corot group, or the "influenced by Constable" school. There is a genre relationship, obviously, with every landscapist who has been willing to make a tree look like a tree, but when a landscape painter acknowledges allegiance to no particular "school" there is no more point in grouping him with his predecessors than with his probable successors. Period classification, particularly of a conservative, merely ignores the arc of the pendulum and focusses on its momentary position. If chronological progression of styles is the chief concern, Aston Knight's work is "dated" but in the conceptions of records it is as dateless and continuing as the fountain-heads of Nature upon which he draws.

J. C.

**STUDIO THEATRE
OF THE
GOLDEN
BOUGH**
[CARMEL PLAYHOUSE]

**Opening of the
Summer
Play Season**

**Next Thursday, Friday,
Saturday
May 28, 29, 30**

**The
Queen's Husband**

Comedy by Robert Sherwood

TICKETS ON SALE OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE FROM 2 TO 5
BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 25
PHONE 480
PRICES 75 cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

CURTAIN AT 8:30

THEATRE'S OPEN HOUSE

On Saturday evening, of this week, Ann Mundstock, pupil of von Laban of Berlin, will give a brief talk on the new German dance form at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, following with a demonstration by six of her San Francisco pupils. After this Edward Kuster will read an act from "Marriages Are Made In Heaven," the Hasenclever comedy translated by him, which was given a brilliant Reinhardt production in Berlin in 1928 and ran for over six months at the Kammerspiele in Berlin. The program, which will commence at eight, will be invitational to subscribers for play seasons, past and present, and to their guests; and to the actors and staff of the theatre who have been connected with the latter during the past year. Anyone else interested in the new German dance movement, recognized throughout Europe as one of the greatest of educational forces, may arrange for admission by telephoning the theatre, Saturday evening after seven.

**DENNY
WATROUS**

GALLERY
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA CALIF.

**EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY
ASTON KNIGHT**

LANDSCAPES
OF NORMANDY
AND CALIFORNIA

MAY 20

MAY 31

"THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND"

An excellent cast, headed by Galt Bell, Gertrude Bardarson and Constance Heron, will present Robert Sherwood's brilliant play, "The Queen's Husband," at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights next week, May twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth. Peter Friedrichsen has executed for this occasion one of the most beautiful settings a Carmel production has had in a number of years. Edward Kuster is directing, assisted by a capable staff.

So much has been written of the play itself during the last few years, beginning with its tremendous New York success, that there are few people who do not know its theme. There is a beautiful imperious queen who rules everything and everybody, a princess about to be married off to a dissolute prince of a neighboring empire as a political bribe, a group of plotting ministers of state, and a gentle, ineffectual king who potters about the palace, playing checkers with his footman and dodging the tongue-lashings of Her Majesty. How the king outwits the latter, deposes the ministers, brings about a Liberal government in his realm, and helps his royal daughter to elope with the commoner whom she loves, is told with an abundance of humor and satire. It is an immensely engaging play, brimful of fun and gorgeous color. No better play could have been chosen to lead off the summer season.

Tickets will be on sale beginning next Monday afternoon at the box-office opposite the Carmel post-office, and thereafter every day between two and five. For the opening night anyone not owning season coupons will have to procure them from season subscribers, a list of whom will be posted at the box-office. The general sale of seats will be for Friday and Saturday only.

THE FOREST THEATER

With the season's plays selected and rehearsals well advanced for the first production, directors of the Forest Theater are concentrating on measures to ensure the financial stability of the summer's undertakings. The organization's only reserve fund is derived from annual memberships in the governing body, the yearly fee being two dollars. Standbys of other years have as a general rule responded to the annual call for membership dues, but it is the hope of the directors that the enrollment may be enlarged considerably this year, particularly since capital outlays have been necessary in order to maintain the outdoor stage in presentable condition. Application may be made to any

member of the board or by mail to Lita Bathen, treasurer.

Metz Durham's "Yes, Doctor" (1931 version of "Carmel Nights") will open the season early in July. Other productions scheduled are "A Mid-summer Night's Dream" and "Love Liars."

HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"A Pair of Sixes," clever three-act play with an all Senior cast, will be presented in the Monterey high school auditorium this Thursday and Saturday evenings. The story deals with a couple of business partners who are constantly quarreling. Finally, they decide to play a hand of

poker, the one having the highest hand being allowed to run the business, while the other must act as his personal servant. If you wish to see who wins this hand, and the humorous result when one becomes the servant of the other by all means go see the Senior play this (Thursday) evening or Saturday.

The cast will include the following:

Richard Draper, James Darling, Howard McAulay, Helen Baugh, June Harper, Harold Gilkey, Paul Thysen, Don Thompson, Douglas Martin, Alice Graham, Violet Lacey, Helen Light, Roberta Morris, Maxine George and Frances Bowen.

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AND ...

DINE WELL

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Home-Cooked Food Shop

A NEW Carmel Establishment
Delicious Foods, Ready to Serve
Seventh, between Dolores and San
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VASIA ANIKEEFF'S STORY

told by himself.

I was in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1911, working in the car shop and on Sundays I sang in the Russian Church there. One Sunday, after the service, a young man came to me and said he would like to have me to sing with his orchestra. Then he introduced himself as Alexander Ivanoff, director of the Russian Balelaika Orchestra (it just came from Russia that time). So I said yes, without thinking much about it; from shop to stage requires no thinking. So I became an artist, and with this company I came to California in 1915 in November. I liked California so much that I left the company and decided to stay in Los Angeles. Movie? No, I just had no idea what I would do.

Couple of weeks later I met some Russians and they told me of some American lady who had a Russian chorus in Los Angeles. So I secured an address and went to look for the lady. Soon I came to a place and asked for a lady who has a chorus. I was taken to a basement where there was a hall and about ten Russians gathered for rehearsal. The lady greeted me very friendly and after I told her what I wanted, asked me to sing with the chorus, sort of try out. Anyway, I became a member of one of the finest Russian choruses I've heard in America, and the lady was Madame Ann Dare of Carmel who organized it.

Well, I sang with the chorus for some time and everything was going well until the Russians, in true Russian style, began to talk politics, socialists, monarchists, and every other ist. Mme. Dare saw that the artistic part of the chorus was disappearing because of the political fights, so with sorrow in her heart she left and soon after there was nothing left of the chorus.

Mme. Dare left for San Francisco and I for Chicago. There I had an opportunity to join another Russian group on its way to the Pacific Coast, and reaching San Francisco, I stayed there. Soon I got ill with flu. Then I came to Carmel on my first visit. That was in 1918, and ever since then Carmel has been home.

I worked with the late Mr. Cator for a few months and then went to Los Angeles, gave a concert there and met Mr. Rothwell of the Los Angeles Symphony. He became interested in my voice, and he advised me to go to New York to continue my studies. So the following fall I left for the east. It is wonderful, but oh, how many charla-



tans there are in the teaching profession, especially in the voice. Anyway, I went from one teacher to another trying to find one who would understand my pocketbook, because the prices in New York are such that all I could take was one half-hour lesson a month. At last I found a teacher, but meantime some of our friends began to talk about Germany, because, with the deflation of the German mark, living there was so cheap. My wife and I then decided to go.

It was wonderful there. In a couple of weeks, March, 1922, I began studying with Grenzebach, who gave us Kipnis, the famous bass-baritone of the Chicago Opera. I secured as coach Carl Ehrenberg, who was with the Berlin State Opera.

We stayed in Berlin two years, then went to Dresden, where I studied Russian repertoire with Issay Dobrowen, the new director of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. In Italy I studied with an old man, perhaps the only living pupil of the famous Lamperti. His name was Pietro Polonski, a Russian who had lived in Italy since childhood.

Italy helped me to understand the technique of the voice, while Germany taught me to love the art of music and all the other arts also. Anyway, after a year and a half in Italy we wandered to Russia. I had hoped to remain in my homeland where my relatives are still living; but found the conditions there exceedingly interesting from an economic viewpoint, but hardly comfortable for an artist planning a career, and moreover, a Russian.

So here I am, in Carmel again.

Anikeeff sings at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the evening of May thirtieth.

Correspondence

[The views expressed in this column should be taken as those of the individual correspondents, not necessarily endorsed by The Carmelite.]

MEDICINE IN CALIFORNIA

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

My first hint of dissatisfaction as to the conditions of medical practice in California, was hearing an old gentleman say "In the East (New York) they feel your pulse amongst other things, before operating, here they only feel your purse (before operating!!!) you're in luck if it's empty." My first actual introduction to the state of affairs was the case of an old friend, a woman of sixty-four who arrived in San Francisco by boat, so ill that the ship surgeon and a medical passenger believing her to be dying, rushed her to a hospital—where they tried to do something for her? Oh no—where they tried to find out how much money she had in her possession; no notice was taken of her condition medically, not the least, for an hour or more. She was too ill to tell them, so they rummaged through her trunk and cabin baggage, until finding her bill-fold they abstracted a one-hundred dollar bill. Fortunately for her, a brother in Los Angeles was informed (by a visitor to the hospital) of his sister's plight and he took her away. To one who has lived in the Middle West and the East, such an exhibition of rapacity and callousness is astonishing and abhorrent. No-one since my arrival in California (eighteen months ago) has expressed confidence in our doctors, not a soul, but many have expressed the view that their children have a better chance in their own hands than at the hospital—where they would be rushed to the operating theatre (the necessity for which, but above all the urgency for which they doubted)—and their husbands saved a bill which would set him back a year or two. Nine-tenths of the population seems to regard them in a very unfriendly manner, while in the East one is accustomed to hear the doctor spoken of as a friend. It seems to me very strange that in a state where the grocer will "carry" a customer for weeks our hospitals demand money in advance from people, in the case I mention, a half-conscious woman. How is it that a profession that was once regarded as the noblest, and was certainly the most self-sacrificing, has fallen into such disrepute in this state, that the lawyer the nature of whose business seems to breed suspicion as to his inten-

tions, is regarded as comparatively harmless. It certainly must be a horrible revelation, to the honorably-minded youth unexpectedly plunged into a profession, where a living is made by exploiting the few, rather than rendering solid service to the many, and I am sure there is a lot of truth in what a previous correspondent said, that men of this type are often forced to go to some out of the way place, where they have not to compete with this sort of thing.

Yours Sincerely,

A Woman Who Seen a
Good Deal of Life

* * *

The following comment is from a retired British surgeon, now resident in Carmel. Behind him lies years of practice in London and in the colonies, and a particularly noteworthy war record, of which The Carmelite has become acquainted through other than a direct source:

"I spent five years at a post-graduate hospital in London and have also a fair knowledge of practice in other countries, including isolated places such as New Zealand and Tasmania, and so am well acquainted with backward conditions in medicine; yet the condition of affairs in California astonishes me. Hunger for money and pleasure seem to have almost completely ousted the devotion to medical science. If I were to fall ill, I should certainly prefer to let Nature take her course; it is safer than putting oneself into untrained hands with powerful drugs and instruments at their command, the need for which they but dimly understand.

"Happily all evils have a tendency to grow until they topple over of their own weight,—let us hope this will reach a point at which the Government will step in and demand a vastly higher grade of man and medical education, and a five-yearly re-examination for all who are to be allowed to remain on the register, the latter being absolutely necessary where doctors devote more time to recreation and the accumulation of money, than to study."

PEDDLERS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

From Salinas by way of Pacific Grove comes a practicable suggestion for dealing with nuisance of itinerant peddlers who are a perennial plague in Carmel as elsewhere. The Salinas plan is embodied in a recently adopted ordinance which prohibits the entrance of peddlers or solicitors upon any premises displaying a notice to the effect that such callers are not wanted. It remains optional with the householder whether or not such a

sign shall be displayed, but once it is placed the law may be invoked against trespassers.

A similar ordinance no doubt would be welcomed in Carmel.

CAMINO REAL

*Last time
this summer*

Southern Pacific DOLLAR DAYS

*Roundtrips for
1c a mile over
DECORATION
DAY holiday.*

GOOD ON ALL
TRAINS LEAVING
**THURSDAY
FRIDAY &
SATURDAY**

**MAY
28, 29, 30**

Be back by midnight

JUNE 8

*Examples of
ROUNDTrips*

San Francisco.....	\$2.70
Santa Barbara	6.00
Los Angeles	8.25
San Jose	1.70
Reno	7.95
Ogden, Utah	19.50

**Southern
Pacific**

C. M. VANCE
MONTEREY AGENT

On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

CARMEL must not fall between two stools,—preciousness and commonness. But, as little is *precious* in California, commonness would be more ordinary. Only artists with impenetrable sales-resistance can protect the realm of beauty.

§ §

So many novelists and short story writers are functioning in California penitentiaries, or being paroled or discharged, I am now recommending all literary aspirants to get their service stripes behind bars. Seclusion and no need of earning a cent by outside efforts! Just a little bootlegging unprotected, admits one to the course.

§ §

LIBERALS expected much of Dwight W. Morrow when he became United States Senator, because of his excellent career as Ambassador to Mexico. His name should be Right to-Morrow. He has been in Rome talking to Muss-up-things-olini. Remember that most of his life, Morrow was a Morgan partner, an exceptional man of conservative character.

§ §

WE used to dig our graves with our teeth; now, with a corkscrew.

§ §

GREGORIO AGLIPAY, organizer of the Independent Church of the Philippines, is in California for a tour of the United States. He is the Pope of the opposition to the Roman Catholic church in the islands. He was a young priest at the time America seized his country, then a Spanish colony. He became a chaplain in the *insurrecto* army fighting Uncle Sam, and often commanded small bodies of his patriotic, crudely-armed countrymen in guerilla battles against us. With peace, he turned against Rome, and declared himself Archbishop of Manila, and Pope or Papa of his new Filipino Catholic church. I knew him then, a hearty, courageous, eating-and-drinking, woman-loving religious politician. He tried to seize the village church buildings, but was ousted by the courts. Since that date, a quarter of a century ago, Aglipay has built up a small organization, Filipino, and is against American occupation of the Philippines by the United States. He spends much time fox-hunting. In America Pope Aglipay is a guest of the intellectual Unitarian church. He has not learned to speak English well, has an interpreter, a bishop, and will be shown about the land by a Boston preacher, an American,

of his belief. I mind the day when a hundred, a thousand American soldiers were hunting his head. He barely escaped death by *Old Glory*. Now, he is an honored guest. Probably, some distant day, George Washington will be in the pantheon in Moscow, and Lenin in ours in Washington, D. C.

§ §

THE average sudden gainer of wealth runs a short gamut: Naught, naughty, naught.

§ §

DR. CHARLES MAYO, of the Mayo Brothers' hospitals, in Rochester, Minnesota, one of the greatest surgeons in America, told to an audience of doctors, and over the radio, in San Francisco, humorous, pointed stories. When he thought his connection with the air had ceased, he told funnier, more pointed ones. Many outraged puritans, parsons, Dotters of the American Revelation, complained to the radio station.

§ §

HOOVER, the great engineer, was talking recently by radio, when, suddenly, the connection was shut off, as his time had expired. Hoover kept on, not knowing the stoppage, and spoke only to the idle air of his own aura. When he learned of the vacuum, what he said made the White House blue.

§ §

WHEN I hear a man talking about Abe Lincoln or G. Washington I know he is thinking about his heroic equals, and that he's evading some common duty or decency.

§ §

GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER, Marine playboy, said *bell* over the radio from an Elks Club station. He was viciously cut off, and a head Elk explained over the air that the Elks didn't stand for any *obscenity*. I am an Elk. The language in my clubhouse made Rabelais, Mark Twain, at his most Elizabethan, puling infants in smut and profanity. The Elks were organized by four toppers, and called the Jolly Corks, until politics crept in, and they horned themselves. Let the Elks be their own common, cussing, crude selves! Hell! What a word to stick at? Billy Sunday can use it over the radio twenty times in an hour, and does.

§ §

It is hardly possible that the King of Siam, now in America to have his eyes operated on, has ever heard the limerick which takes his name in vain. Perhaps, its attribution to him or a progenitor was solely because *Siam* rhymed with *I am*. Just as Nantucket has been responsible for much smutty

drollery without reason, but with rhyme. Timbuctoo so suffered.

§ §

WOMEN are the only severe critics of women, in public. At a convention of men, the slightest derogation of the fair sex would evoke a mammy bleat. Women are realists. The annual session of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Fresno left little unsaid, and not these caustic compliments:

Clubhouses used exclusively by women have to chain toilet articles in rest rooms, to prevent looting.

In jury duty women's minds are oftener on the run in their new silk hose than on the prisoner at the bar.

It's the intoxicated mother with nicotine-stained fingers who has the delinquent child.

The D. A. R. are modern conservatives worshipping at the tombs of radical ancestors.

The child who implicitly obeys its parents all the time has either a lack of initiative, ambition, or is sick mentally or physically.

§ §

Green Hell is a new book of adventure by a young Irishman named Duguid. It is fast, hot and naive. A striking story of peril and grit.

§ §

AMERICA has hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat which it can't sell or consume. Borah has urged that America give or sell on time to China this surplus wheat. No official authority has responded. Some say Chinese won't eat wheat (bread). The truth is that all north China eats wheat, and all south China, rice. Eight million Chinese have starved to death in three years; one million more are starving, will be dead in a few weeks or months. These poor devils would eat our surplus wheat in the grain, if need be, but they make noodles out of wheat flour; all over China. History, if not censored, will point out that about now, 1931, international good feeling or charity was at its lowest ebb, fear uppermost, and business and finance utterly at sea as to remedies for what is wrong.

§ §

My immediate neighbors are all nice people; quiet workers. They have small, comfortable houses, cared-for, small gardens. Nobody has a servant. I employ a neighbor when I want an extra dinner. Except for that woman, I exchange only the compliments of the day with my neighbors. Some have been next to me for ten years. They don't like me. I am queer. I abhor social gatherings. Very funny people visit me. A retired

druggist, converted to science—Christian,—called my eminence,—about a hundred feet above the bay,—the Hill of Impurity. He passed away from fatty degeneration of the liver.

§ §

Cakes and Ale, by Somerset Maugham was resented by many English writers as a cruel attack on the great poet, Thomas Hardy. Now, *Gin and Bitters*, by A. Riposte, is a bitter attack on Maugham. *Riposte* is probably Rose Macaulay. Maugham, a distinguished author,—who can forget, *Of Human Bondage*?—has a queer personality, easily a target for a sharpshooting critic. A writer or painter who attains any note must be prepared for outrageous assaults. If he makes money, he must look out for women who will claim they composed his books, confided their honors to him under sworn promise of the preacher, or, at least, gave him all his ideas through their loving and brilliant presences. Women dote on note, and will do much to get a quote for being close to a poet, or anyone who wrote. Both gin and bitters are on the dry index, but one may have cakes without the ale.

§ §

DID you hear Helen Keller, deaf, blind, speak over the radio? Her almost unintelligible voice affected me like the wailing of an Oriental or African. I felt like weeping, and had to mute the radio. Perhaps, nearby, her voice is more human. She is one of the most wonderful beings that ever lived, in her achievements over her difficulties. The preliminary talks by her former and present teachers, explaining Helen's rise out of utter darkness of the senses to her brilliant present, were thrilling stories of the power of desire and love. They made me think well of most of us forked radishes.

§ §

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Hearst's old speculating aunt, used to din us with, "Don't sell America short!" He owns the Ritz in New York. I asked an apple seller, with six children, what he thought of Arthur's slogan for happiness and patriotism, that short cakery. What the apple man said, Gus wouldn't let The Carmelite print. I'm sorry for Brisbane, at his age,—he's sixty-seven, and his niece, William R. Hearst, is sixty-eight,—he should be telling the truth in hope of a safe exit. He can't take the Ritz with him. There are no skyscrapers, even, in heaven, for how could there be sky above the sky? And in the place of yellow journalism, after the night edition of life is over, a Ritz would merely make things hotter.

(ED. NOTE.—Frederick O'Brien is "on the air," KPO every Thursday evening.)

Two Poems by Helen Hoyt

(The second of these poems is from Helen Hoyt's latest book, "Name of a Rose," which will be published in New York Friday, May twenty-second.)

ON THAT MAY DAY

Your funeral pomp was wedding pomp on that May day:
The flowers like friends drew near to watch you go—
Out from the door, and down the path to the gate,
Along the terraces in a gay processional—
The garden went in bridal dress, saffron and red, and blue,
And you were garlanded with white as you set forth.
The maples held their canopy against the sun,
The May winds scattered petals on the path before you,
The laurels had lighted their myriad waxen candles,
"Let me be your cloudy bower!" said the hawthorn;
"Wait, and we will hold our cups for you," the poppies said.
From the hills the perfume of the budding wild-grape
Was wafted sweet as wine. Only the roses
Had all been picked and gathered in the house
To deck the rooms last morning there.
Leaned in their ghostly circle, drowsily,
About the empty place where you had lain:

THE AMIS ROSE

Walking today in your old garden,
Pondering of the garden and of you,
I came to that rose-bush we call your rose.
Of all the roses in the garden the one most yours;
Raised by your from your own seedling,
Named by your with your family name;
Because, you said, its fragrance was like a rose
Remembered from the Southern garden of your childhood.
(Never forgotten, that rose! Never forgotten
That childhood and that Southern garden;
The perfume of the South and of that garden
Pervading all your life with a nostalgia for your childhood.
For the kind of love that childhood knows:
Security and unhurried calm of gardens;
The unrequiring, impersonal delight of roses.)
I picked one of the blossoms and looked
Deep in the sweet-smelling center's inmost core.
There was a clustering of tiniest, exquisite curled petals;
Close-crowded together in their reticent circle
As if drawn back from any gaze of eyes or touch of hands;
Where the firmness of the outer petals, so long unfolding,
Had held them too tightly crushed—puckered now
In crinkled pleats, in grooves and flutings,
Soft as ripples of snow!
So immaculate these petals, so untouched of air or heat,
Their color is scarcely more than a fainting echo of color—
Red that is ebbing away, pink that is all but white.
So was your face in old age: not wrinkled
But the bloomy flushed cheeks and stainless throat
Crumpled and silken like those palest hidden petals.

Art

LIMITS AND LOGIC

by ELEANOR MINTURN JAMES

The French call it *Nature Morte*, but its coming very much to life where prizes are concerned. Talk about modern "rebels" in art featuring the produce of vegetable gardens—carrots, artichokes, radishes—why, some of them are positively truck-minded!

Has anyone stopped to consider the large number of prizes awarded each year to still-life? For example, this winter, prizes of over a thousand dollars each were awarded still-life work at the 143rd Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and at the Corcoran Biennial, Washinton, D. C.—the first canvas being "The Intruder" (a mouse nibbling a piece of cheese constituting the intruder), and the second, a painting of soiled dishes unsightly with partially eaten food.

This last award called forth a hot protest from one eastern critic who maintained stoutly that such pictures are distinctly warnings of our surrender as a people to the steadily rising flood of the uncouth and the deliberate endeavor of a considerable portion of our turgid civilization to drag everything down to the swampy level of miasma. And he is not so far off. Today the still-life painter delights to star such prosaics as butter patties, stoves crowned with bouquets, wash bowls, peppers and salts, eggs, saltines, all with a vegetarian background. For them flesh and blood are taboo.

Its the unpleasantness—and disgust—generated by such still-life that makes the situation seem all wrong. The rub is not that still-life work takes firsts but that prize awarers should search out

the particular manifestations of this phase of painting they do—and call it art.

That many painters eschew tackling the figure from pure ignorance of real drawing is understandable enough. For certainly the figure is exigent where it comes to structural knowledge. Only preverse fools clown the human form—for a short-lived notoriety. But that dirty dishes, glassware, knives and forks together with humble truck garden produce should be mangled anatomically is preposterous, that is, when foisted as art on a public being gradually alienated from art by just such horrors.

It is surely no trick to study by dismemberment the structure of grapes, and apples, turnips and asparagus. There is nothing daringly iconoclastic connected with such vegetable anatomy work as when old Michael Angelo, bent on mastering human anatomy, secured, by special room where cadavers were slipped to him for dissection and where, with his candle centered in the corpse, he dissected the long night through. The bloodless dissection of legumes could not be anathema to even the emasculated. If any one thing is true about painting it is that an artist must needs know all the mannerisms of color and form involved even in egg-plants and onions before he can aspire to slur their structure for original effects. Of course, there are those draughtsmen who choose to misdraw for sensational publicity-hypocrites. But that's another story.

Modern still-life is not distasteful and unacceptable because of being like the old-fashioned, meticulous still-life of yesteryear, photographic appealing overmuch to the senses, tactile, gustatory etc. You sometimes wished it erred more this way. After all, originally among the Greeks this was the excuse for still-life paintings. Every classic household boast-

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ed them, and they were called *Xenia*, or *Strangers Pictures*. When stranger guests began to overeat themselves and abuse hospitality, food was promptly withdrawn and the unknown guest counilled to gaze for further satisfaction on luscious renderings—painted on the walls—of fruit and viands. By the way, as an echo of this is the news given the other day in a public school lecture on poster drawing that the large realistic roadside posters of scrumptious doughnuts designed purposefully to make your mouth water had more than doubled the sale of this doughnut! Hardly art, the doughnut or the *Xenia* method, for as some old traditionalist has it "true art acknowledges no allegiance either to utilitarianism or morality—though it is never useless or immoral."

Nowadays, appealing to the senses in still-life is not *au fait*. It just is not done. Even photographic studies of still-life, by artists, are so lighted and so aesthetically camera shuttered that the result is more art than *Xenia*. I remember the portrait of the head of a fish where the dark darks and bright highlights of the iridescent globular eye, curving gills, orisp scales and the grays of the circular pewter platter were so speaking that this study came as near painting as black and white ever could be. A photograph with versimilitude toned out. Not a bit of appetite-appeal! This was by the Carmel artist who works via camera, Johan Hagemeyer. And he called it "The Way of All Fish"!

In the old days it was versimilitude the still-life painter had to make sure of. Not so today. That's what he goes out of his way to avoid. Goes so far out of his way that he gives you a shudder—not of pleasure, far from it. Its really too bad that vegetables and fruits and flowers are being butchered. Many such paintings are so lurid and distressingly distorted as to be repellant. How ridiculous that art should give you a sense of repulsiveness! The aesthetic emotion and any feeling of aversion are simply not compatible, merely a contradiction in terms—not a new idea to be sure.

Painters since the world began all have tried their hand some time or other at this homely phase of the art game. Some critics claim that still-life affords the best gauge there is of a man's painting, more self-revelation in it. Others maintain that it's great justification has been that it ever adapted itself to reflecting the spirit of a locality, the life of the times. There is a still-life painter here on the coast whose California still-life should be significant in the light of this, with their dazzling or muted sunshine, brilliance of native blossom (remember

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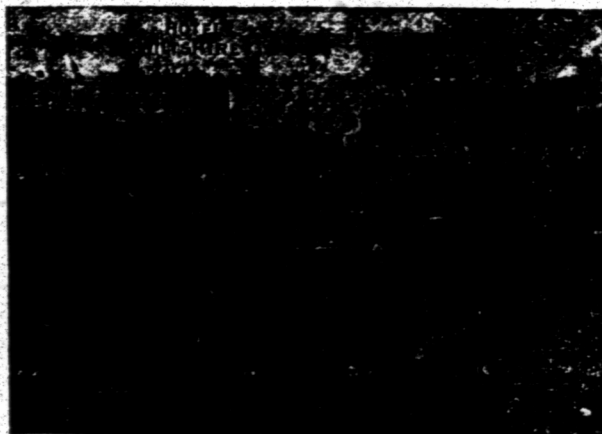
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his prize winning "Sunshine and Phlox" in the April, American Magazine of Art?) Oriental *objet de vertu*, vistas of Carmel garden or Spanish patio—why these are California! This is Frederick Zimmerman who has a summer studio in Carmel. No depressing versimilitude in his work, nor anything repulsive, only the beauty of light playing over and through the color of flower fabric. One eastern critic said of him, in praise, "His flowers do not smell of paint." A painter of light with a strong sense of *decor*—and composition.

Most modern still-life is not only ill-drawn but ill-composed—ugly things spread out in an ugly fashion. Some painters take pride in their ignorance of composition. They know nothing about it, and obviously care less. Because of the beautiful pattern possibilities of still-life, composition looms importantly here. Where still-life is concerned there is not another modern painter who knows more about composition—as well as color, structure, decoration, everything that supremely matters—than the California painter Jesse Arms Botke, formerly of Carmel, now of Ventura hills. Mastery and originality of composition is the crux of beauty in her canvases. No, composition cannot be ignored even in still-life. It is what one writer said the small boy described salt as being, something that made things taste horrid when you didn't put any in!

CARMELITES ABROAD

Word comes from Germany from Mrs. Imre Weisshaus (Virginia Tooker) whose linoleum block cuts were a feature of the "Pine Cone" and The Carmelite two years ago, of her work as an art student at the Bauhaus, a famous art school in Dessau. She comments: "It's a grand method. No wonder it produces results! The schedule required includes mathematics, chemistry, study of abstract form, analytical drawing dealing in deep psychological matters in connection with personal habits in drawing—all very fascinating. This is the required 'forecourse,' then you may fill in your time with upper class studies to your heart's content."

Imre Weisshaus, Hungarian composer and pianist is lecturing to students at the Bauhaus as well as appearing in concerts. A recent program given at Berlin before a large audience reads: "The first performance of difficult works not on the usual concert program." Several of Mr. Weisshaus' compositions appear on this program, a piano study, two recitatives for violin alone and a recent sonata for flute alone. Mr. Weisshaus played a cello and piano

number with Heriman Weil, sonata No 2 by George Antheil and "Banshee" by Henry Cowell.

FOREST THEATER GRADUATE

The Pasadena Community Playhouse will soon produce "Green Fire," by Glenn Hughes, head of the drama department, University of Washington, who during his student days was associated in productions at the Forest Theater. After graduation Hughes joined the faculty of the University of Washington in the department of English literature. He is the author of "The Story of the Theatre," a standard text book in schools and colleges; many translations of Japanese and Chinese plays; and among other dramatic works, two three act comedies, "Happiness for Six" and "Komachi" and a score of one act plays.

"Green Fire" is based on the novel of the same title written by John Taine, pen name of Dr. E. T. Bell of the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Bell is considered one of the outstanding mathematicians of the nation. As a

writer of fiction, he has published several popular novels, which include "The Purple Sapphire" "White Lily" "Quayle's Investion" "The Gold Tooth" "The Greatest Adventure" and "The Iron Star."

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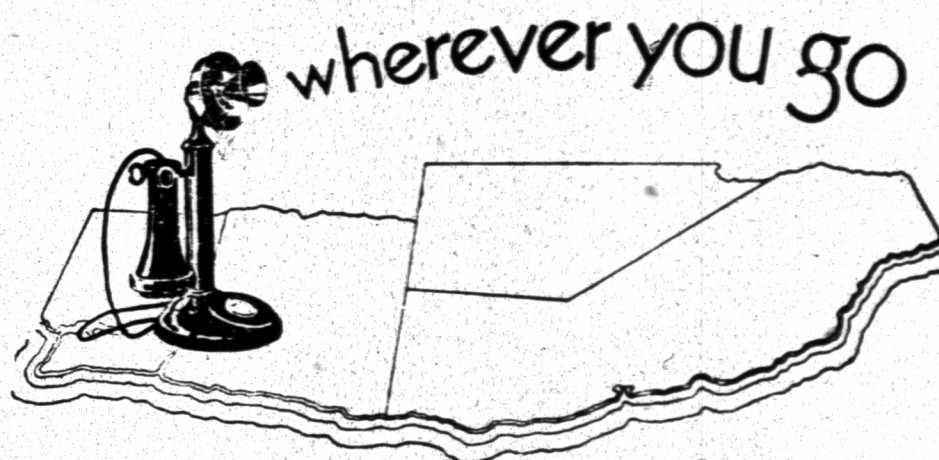
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Kino Bay Notes

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

In conversation today, Professor C. Sidebottom confided in me an interesting circumstance that came about during his efforts to breed the Kinofish. The Kinofish, as readers of *The Carmelite* know, is a cross between a sea bass, a yellowtail, a whippet, a yearling bull and a parrot. These crosses, by the way, are made by breeding in the modern manner, coupled with Professor Sidebottom's discovery of a new reagent which he calls *Universafertility*. The name tells its own story. During his experiments, a canary escaped from the Professor's boudoir. The result was that, one night, Professor Sidebottom heard, as he was retiring, sweet and dulcet notes coming from the tanks in which the sea bass are kept. Arising and putting on his nightcap, the Professor went to investigate. Much to his amazement, emerging from amid bubbles, came soft and sibillant bird-calls. At first the Professor was chagrined. He had meant to produce a game, not a song, fish. So he carefully concealed his *sport*. But on my advice he continued the experiment. The first hybrid I have seen. It is strange, to say the least. The sea bass averages four and a half feet. And a canary bird's notes, emerging from so great a pescadorial bulk, is about like seeing a longshoreman sing soprano. Mr. Sidebottom's future cross will be a goldfish and nightingale. This will be both decorative and musical, and will be to the old fashioned silent gold fish precisely what the talking pictures are to the still. Of course there may at times be found a gold fish of such outstanding merit that he will duplicate the success of Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd. But I believe we can safely say that, thanks to Professor, the silent goldfish is a thing of the past.

* * *

Don't forget station WOOF. Imph and Ugh nightly at ten thirty. They now are running a taxiboat between the mainland and having their troubles. They advertise *cajauma pil*, good for hair, teeth, stomach, fallen arches and for preserving leather.

* * *

Another interesting experiment has just been undertaken by the Kino Bay Technical Laboratories, Unlimited. In the most recent contract bridge tournament at the Seri Village, Santo Blanco Dimph was playing with Pascual Ugh. Santo Blanco bid eight no trumps and led the ace of hearts. His partner took the trick with the deuce of spades. Santo

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Blanco retaliated by hitting him on the head with a fish club, and Ugh was brought to the laboratories with concussion of the brain. Professor Sidebottom, called into consultation, decided to remove the brain of the patient and replace the injured organ, which more resembled a music box, with the brain of a pelican. The brain was located with the aid of a microscope and removed with a pair of fine tweezers and the pelican's brain inserted, with difficulty, in its place, the difficulty lying in the larger size of the latter. We are happy to report that, inside twenty-four hours, *Senor Ugh* was flying around and diving for sardines. Incidentally his intelligence has improved at least seven hundred per cent.

* * *

Juan Flimph, *Seri* raconteur and *bon vivant*, has had his hair bobbed. It was only about a month ago that he nearly had his head dittoed.

* * *

Nature is certainly wonderful. Professor Sidebottom has related to me another incident that happened during his animal experimentations. He was in one laboratory engaged in an attempt to cross a spider with a silk worm; in another in an effort to cross a greyhound with a centipede; and in a third had a varied collection of *Universafertilized* spermatozoa and ova. Owing to an error, he enfertilized a combination that later, turned out to be a cross between a cat and a mouse. No sooner had the strange hybrid opened its eyes than it started playing. Then all of a sudden, it turned on itself savagely and ate itself up! "Ho" commented the Professor, "like men and machines in an industrial age!"

* * *

Senor Fernando Camou and his friend *Panchito Elias* are expected this weekend when we will get some valuable information on sharks and the way to catch them. We were going to use artificial legs as bait. But *Senor Camou* says this is wrong. So we shall have to wait until he comes.

ANY GARDNER TO ANY HOSE

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little hose
Wonder if the meter knows
How your mild and quiet hum
Tots up such a thumping sum?

Boss of every waking hour,
Feeder of my every flower
How I hate you, little hose
How I want to thumb my nose.

Seven long months, I do your will
Sometimes eight, I'm at it still.
What a grand relief from hell
When moisture falls, au naturel.

THIRD AND LAST CALL

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

It is now three months to a day since The Carmelite printed my appeal "To the American People." Since then a few Americans have awakened to the truth. But the flood comes faster than those who warn can ride.

These facts are provable:

Unemployed, eight million.

Farmers destitute, three million.

People affected thirty-five million.

Rate of unemployment increase, approximately one million a month.

Loss of purchasing power, about one billion dollars a month.

Shrinkage in security values, about two hundred fifty billion dollars.

National assets, three hundred sixty-seven billion dollars, mostly frozen.

Distribution of wealth, eighty per cent in the hands of four per cent of the people.

Standing army, twenty-five thousand.

Organized Communists (not only standing but r'aring to go), eight hundred thousand.

To offset all this, not one thought-through, permanently constructive step. Public works, done mostly with machines for the benefit of contractors, are not a drop in the bucket. Private agencies have given millions. Bu these millions soon will be exhausted. The people have given until it hurt too much. They are done. Meanwhile the destitute are as destitute as they were six months ago, and there are nearly twice as many of them. We did not even copy the wise example of Britain, who saw, and acted, in time. Instead, we boasted of American high standards of living and high wages until some eleven million of us had none of either.

It is a conservative prediction that by October first the number of unemployed will be sixteen million—farmers, four million. One half of all America is in distress! What will the other half do? What can it do?

It is useless to blame anybody or anything. All mistakes belong to the past. The future lies ahead.

As it stands today, the theatre of America soon will present the most colossal tragedy of all time. The stage is set. The actors are ready. It is but for the curtain to rise.

The story of the piece is unwritten; its actors unknown. But that it will be something to stagger the human mind is easy to predict. The Four Horsemen

will ride. Nor will our children's children see the end.

Since it is now too late to prevent it, let Americans be ready to face, with courage and with fortitude, that which lies before them.

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Pursuant to resolution of the Board of Trustees of the Sunset School district, County of Monterey, state of California, adopted May 4, 1931, said Board of Trustees hereby invites sealed proposals, or bids, for removals, excavating, cement work, steel frame, steel joist and miscellaneous items having to do with the erection of an auditorium, school rooms and alterations to the Sunset School building in accordance with the plans and specifications prepared by Swartz and Ryland and adopted by said Board May 4, 1931.

May 25th, 1931 at 4 o'clock P. M. at the office of said Sunset School is hereby fixed as the time and place where all such bids will be publicly opened and declared.

All such bids must be submitted on a form provided by Swartz & Ryland and must be accompanied by a certified check on a responsible bank in an amount not less than ten per cent of the aggregate of the bid, and such certified check shall be forfeited to said School District for liquidated damages in the event the successful bidder shall fail or refuse for a period of five days after the award of such contract to enter into a contract with said district pursuant to the terms of such proposal or bid on file, or should fail at the time of the execution of such contract to accompany same with a bond in usual and proper form covering material and

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labor upon said work in a sum of not less than 50 per cent of the amount of the contract price therefor, and by an additional bond for the faithful performance of said work in the sum of 25 per cent of such contract price: said bonds to be both in form and substance to the satisfaction of said Board of Trustees.

Said work shall be paid for as follows: 75 per cent of the value of the work done each month to be paid on or before the 7th day of the succeeding month and the balance of 25 per cent of the value of each month's work to be paid for thirty-five days after the completion and acceptance of said work; each of said payments to be conditioned upon the written approval of said work by Swartz and Ryland.

Board of Trustees reserves the right to reject any or all such bids and also to waive any informality in any bid received which in their opinion complies specifically with their requirements. Copies of plans and specifications setting forth in detail said removals, excavating, cement work, and miscellaneous items may be obtained from Swartz & Ryland, Architects and Engineers, 206 Spazier Building, Monterey, upon deposit of \$25.00.

Dated: May 4, 1931.

Frederick Bigland.

President.

Clara N. Kellogg.

Hester Hall Schoeninger.

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JANE ADDAMS' NEW BOOK

"Second Twenty Years at Hull House," (MacMillan Co., New York).

Closing this book, one is filled with the atmosphere that prevades it, filled with the richness and color of the life that flows through it. Here is a person who is wholly at one with her work. And this has made it impossible for her to give a chronological report of the second thirty years at Hull House, Chicago. Her book is largely a summary of an epoch, as seen in the interplay of forces between the community and the individual. As scarcely any other person of our time, Jane Addams lives in full consciousness of the continuity and interdependence of humanity, and she experiences and expresses the awakening world consciousness. Every chapter, every page of the book is proof of this, whether she is treating the woman's movement, peace work during and after the war, the post-war generation, prohibition, immigration under the quota, attempts to humanize justice, the instinct of play, artistic expression, or problems in education; questions which lead her far from the corner of Halsted and Polk Streets, Chicago, but which unite Hull House with the world, as the world is reflected in Hull House itself. One has only to read the delightful chapter on "The Devil Baby at Hull House" to meet as one does on the door step of Hull House, Jane Addams' personality with her fine sense of humor, the charm and extraordinary vivacity of her mind, her all-embracing knowledge, her inborn ability to raise little, human trivialities to a level of universal philosophical and psychological meaning. Always quiet, always unassuming, ready for every new comer and every new event, Jane Addams makes Hull House a home and a world in itself for all who live there.

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THE CARMELITE, MAY 21, 1931

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Soul and Body" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, May, 24, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 16: 24-26).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Soul has infinite resources with which to bless mankind, and happiness would be more readily attained and would be more secure in our keeping, if sought in Soul. Higher enjoyments alone can satisfy the cravings of immortal man. We cannot circumscribe happiness within the limits of personal sense. The senses confer no real enjoyment" (p. 60).

FOSTER GLEE CLUB AT COMMUNITY CHURCH

On Sunday evening next at the Carmel Community Church, the Foster Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Fenton P. Foster will present an evening of solo and choral music, beginning at seven forty-five. A special silver offering will be taken for Community Church expenses.

The program will be as follows:

"Service," and "Ay-Ay-Ay" by the Glee Club; followed by two Spirituals, "Standin' in the Need O' Prayer" a tenor solo by Everett Wisely, and "Steal Away."

Vocal Solo: "The Poor Man's Garden" by Gordon Knoles.

"Goin' Home," Fisher arrangement of theme from Dvorak's "New World Symphony," sung by the Club.

Cello Solo: "Romance," by Beth Virginia Falkenberg.

"Where My Caravan Has Rested" and "The Road to You," by the Club.

Vocal Solo: "Ave Maria" (Caruso) by Leonard Abinante.

"Swing Along" and "Friendship" will be sung as concluding numbers by the Club.

A cordial invitation is extended to all friends and visitors. Come early as the seating capacity is limited.

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THE FOREST THEATER ASSOCIATION WISHES TO REMIND YOU

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A PARTICULAR INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO NEW RESIDENTS
TO AFFILIATE THEMSELVES WITH THIS CIVIC ORGANIZATION.

THE FOREST THEATER IS YOUR THEATER; NON-PROFIT, FOS-
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IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT A LARGE NUMBER PARTICIPATE. TWO
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*...She'd have her
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ELECTRICITY*

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"But just when I want her, she has to be in the kitchen. If she would only let an electric range cook her meals and daddy's automatically, she wouldn't need to stay in the kitchen—she could be with me."

It's easy to have perfect cooking without the usual bother of watching in the kitchen—when you cook with electricity. And that's because of the time and temperature controls. You simply place the food in the oven, say at one o'clock, and set the controls. At three o'clock the meal starts cooking. At six, the electricity turns off. The insulated oven keeps the food hot until you are ready to serve it. Think how nice this will be when company is coming for dinner on a day when you want to be free during the whole afternoon.

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A small down payment places the electric range of your choice in your kitchen, ready to use. Come into our office or a dealer's store and see the beautiful new electric ranges.

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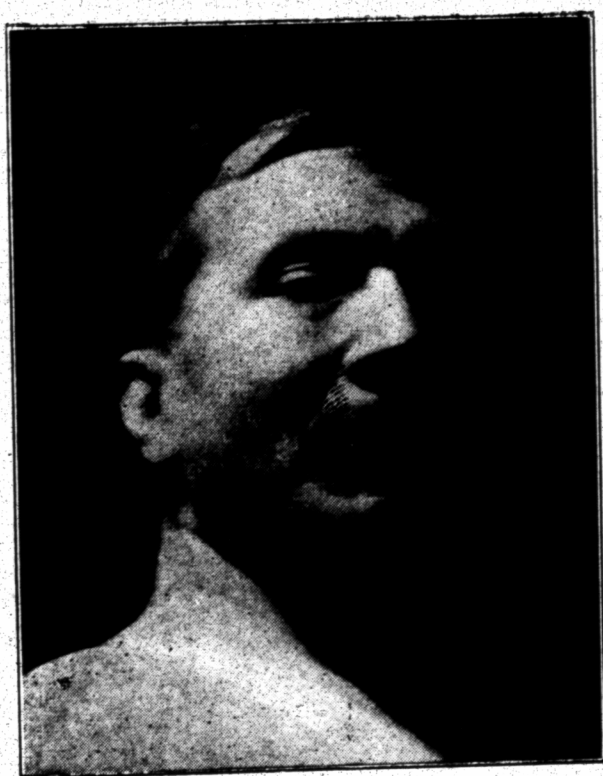
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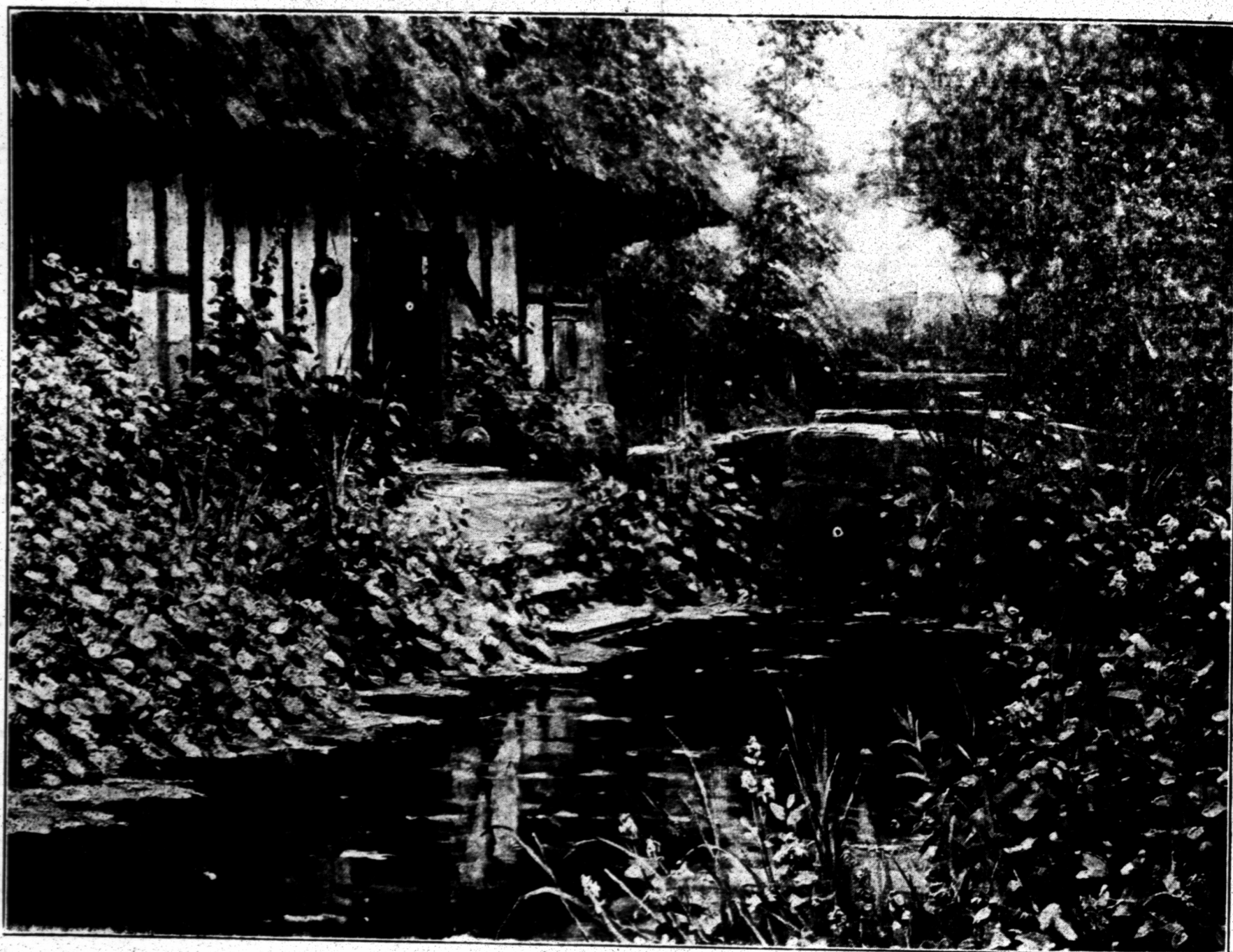


ASTON KNIGHT'S EXHIBIT

Landscapes of Normandy and of California

Denny-Watrous Gallery, Carmel-by-the-Sea, May 20-31, 1931

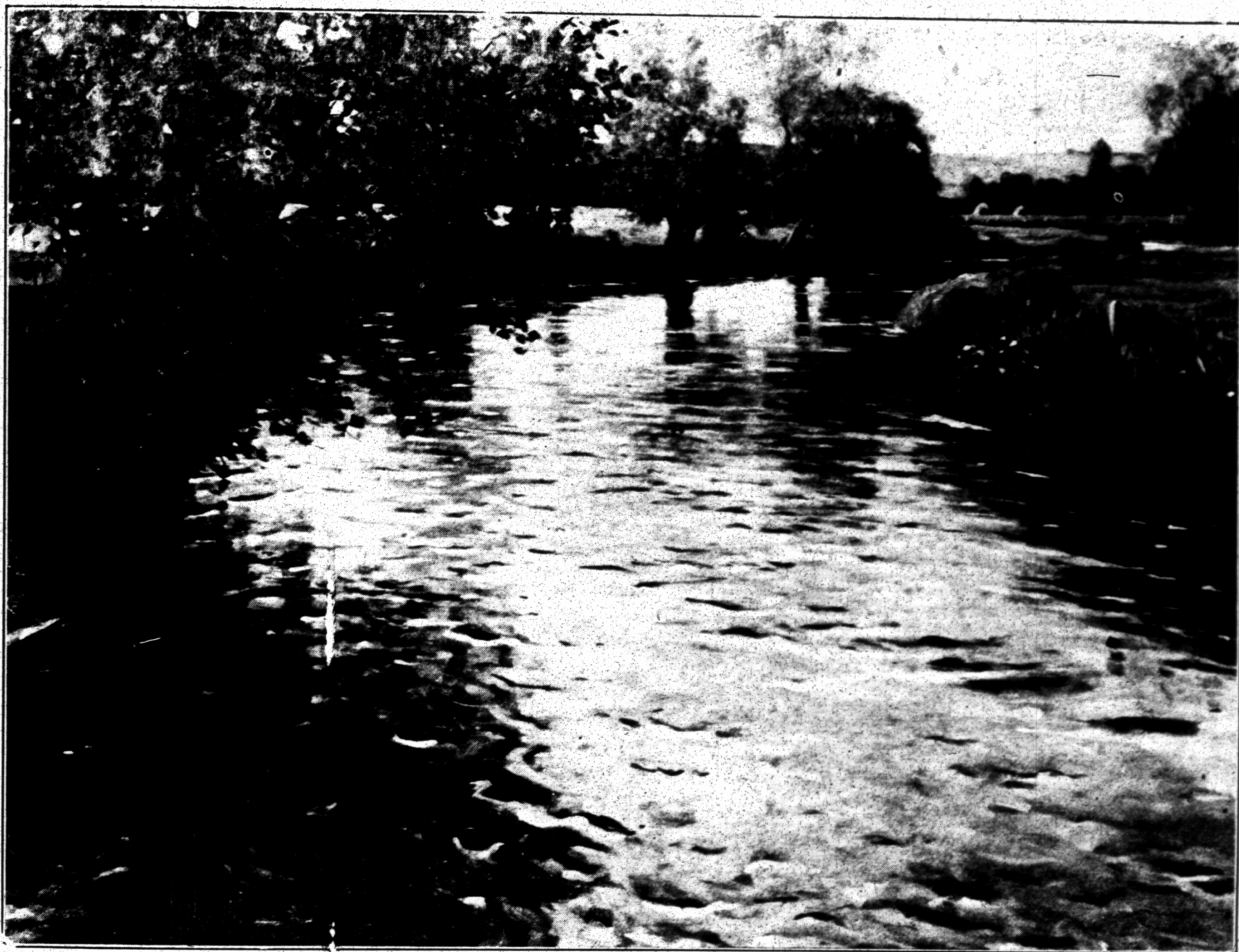
SUPPLEMENT TO THE CARMELITE, MAY 21, 1931: VOL. IV, NO. 15



DIANE'S COTTAGE, NORMANDY

*"What Aston Knight paints receives
merited attention from the real connois-
seurs of French art. In addition to the
gold medals he has received in the Paris
salons, three of his canvases have been
purchased by the French government
for the Luxembourg Gallery."*

—LOS ANGELES TIMES.



A NORMANDY TROUT STREAM

"Aston Knight is a prodigious worker, painting eagerly the colors and subjects he most enjoys. Over a thousand of his paintings have been bought for private or public collections, eight hundred being now in possession of American patrons of art."

—WASP-NEWS-LETTER (S. F.)



LOS ANGELES FROM A HILL GARDEN

Aston Knight exhibits at the Denny-Watrous Gallery, Carmel-by-the-Sea, May 20th to May 31st. After that date some of his finest work can always be seen at the Stendahl Galleries in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles.

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